

ANATOMY OF TIME

(Collection of Poems translated from Telugu)

J. Bapu Reddy

JUBILEE PUBLICATIONS
HYDERABAD

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(Collection of Poems translated from Telugu)

by

Dr. J. BAPU REDDY

First Edition - 1999

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Price : Rs. 100/-

US \$ 10

Published by :

Jubilee Publications

Plot 10, Road 5,

Jubilee Hills,

Hyderabad - 500 033.

Ph. 040-3608381

For Copies :

Visalandhra Publishers

4-1-435, Bank Street, Vignan Bhavan, Hyderabad-500 001.

and its Branches.

Book Links Corporation

Narayanaguda, Hyderabad - 500 029.

Navodaya Book House

3-3-865 Street Opp. Arya Samaj Mandir, Kachiguda,

Hyderabad - 500 027.

Navayuga Book House

4-5-317, Sultan Bazar, Hyderabad - 500 095.

Design & Printed at :

M/s. Vipla Computer Services

(Designers & Offset Printers)

Nallakunta, Hyderabad - 500 044.

Ph. 040-767 3309

*Released at the 19th World Conference of Poets, October 25-29,
Acapulco, Mexico*

DEDICATION

Released at the
XIX World Congress of poets
Acapulco, Mexico,
25-29 October, 1999

and

Dedicated to
Dr. Rosemary C. Wilkinson
President of World Akademi of Arts & Culture
Visionary of Humanity
and
Votary of Muse

First Copy presented to
Dr. Manuel S. Leyva Martinez
President Executive
19th World Congress of Poets '99

Acknowledgements

I am happy to translate some of my selected Telugu poems into English with the objective of introducing contemporary poetry in Telugu, an Indian language spoken by over 100 million people, to the English readers. This is my second book of English translations of my Telugu poems and fifth volume of my English poetry. I thought that it would be appropriate to release the book at the World Congress of Poets and dedicate to Dr. Rosemary C. Wilkinson, President of World Academy of Arts & Culture, who has dedicated herself to the cause of World Peace through poetry. In this connection, I would like to acknowledge the help, assistance and encouragement I received from several individuals and organisations. I would particularly record my deep appreciation and gratitude for the following.

- ★ The organisers of 19th World Congress of Poets being held at Acapulco, Mexico for graciously agreeing to have the book released at the Congress, especially to its Executive President Dr. Manuel S. Levy Martinez and the Organising Committee.
- ★ Dr. Rosemary C. Wilkinson, for accepting the dedication of this book to her.
- ★ Prof. S.S. Prabhakar Rao, for his valuable suggestions in my endeavours to translate the Telugu poems and himself translating three of the selected poems and contributing an erudite foreword.
- ★ Mrs. Radhika and Mr. Balaji Jankay, Texas, USA, for making this event possible by arranging my visit to Acapulco.
- ★ Mr. J. Maruthi and Mr. P. Mahender Reddy for their willing cooperation and assistance in bringing out this Publication.
- ★ My wife Rajeshwari and members of my family for their patient and sustained support.
- ★ Innumerable friends, well wishers and readers for encouraging me in pursuit of my literary career.
- ★ M/s. Jubilee Publications for planning the publication of this book in record time.
- ★ M/s. Vipra Computer Services for printing the book promptly and elegantly.

I hope that this book like my other publications, will receive wide appreciation and support.

- J. Bapu Reddy

Bapu Reddy's Aesthetic Quest Of Time

Time is ever a tantalising concept for human imagination. 'What is time?' queried Longfellow, and tarried to answer, 'the shadow on th dial, the striking of the clock, the running of the sand, day and night, summer and winter, months, years, and centuries - these are but arbitrary and outward signs - the measures of time, but not time itself. Time is the soul of life.' Eliotean time past, time present, time future have perennial relevance towriter, as he writes not merey with 'the presentness of the present but also with the pastness of the past in his bones.' Indians have defied Time, with the Lord declaring in The Geeta: 'I am Time: Kalosmi. 'Time and Divinity are synonymous in the Indian concept. But Tme can be a mystique around palpable reality and can also be an enigma. It is both a healer and an avenger, which impelled Byron to aptheosise Time and announce : 'Unto thee I lift hands and eyes, and heart and crave of thee a gift'.

The myriad manifestations of Time have been continual poetic preoccupatin with Bapu Reddy, the competent and conscientious exponent of the physical-metaphysical continuum in human experience. As one who felt the superficial and profound impact of Time. Bapu Reddy could carry out an annazing anatomy of time in the present collection of poems translated by the author, with a few rendered by the present writer, from the Telugu original. Over the years, Bapu Reddy has ensconced himself in an enviable position among modern Telugu poets - especially owing to the Bhava-bhoutika virtuosity - and in the arena of World Literature too through four anthologies of poetry in English. The allurements and afflictions of Time have been sensitively presented by the poet in this collection. At times, Time appears like dearest soul, which has 'only present tense/sans past,sans future.' But it is also eternity. Like the Almighty it is everywhere, but also without an address. On occasions, Time appears like a mystery-inscrutable and inexorable- 'Time reveals everything but itself'. The poet is aware that 'Time is deaf and blind, but it can also comprehend the articulain of silence.' To him Time is a queer baby -

Who builds tiny castes
in sand beds
and enjoys erasing them mirthfully.

The poet goes back and forth in his metaphysical exploratin of life-time kinship and presents finally and agonising yet hopeful, anatomy ot Time, particularly in his portrayal of Death as a welcome visitor, reminiscent of Donne's admonition: 'Death Be Not Proud'

although a veneer of wariness is not altogether absent. His mental makeup, however, is cheerful unlike Emile Dickinson's maudlinness.

The flair of the poet for the metaphysical does not denature his awareness of the physical . He longs to sing of the travails of the toiling masses too and hopes -

to see a lamp of fulfillment
in every human abode.

Bapu Reddy has been an enlightened, observant, sensitive traveller who circumambulated a large part of the globe. His travels did not end up with mere physical experience, although there was much that was sensual in it; he could rise to the heights of the spiritual on top of the sensual. He could also feel the enormity of human cruelty to man, while he was thrilled at the dance of Rhine as he could not gloss over the Nazi atrocities - the butchering of men 'in the name of an empty creed'. - While he rejoiced at the conquest of space by man, he was also sceptical about the ultimate upshot of these achievements. Discovering the metaphysical truth behind the splitting of the atom, he avers -

if a divisible atom is the soul
the indivisible atom is the super soul

and argues for a common melody of rhapsody '(to) mould the smoldering earth into a heavenly abode'. Paris is evoked in a striking image:

from the pinnacle
of incomparable Eiffer Tower
Paris appeared to me
like a grand peacock dancing with joy
spreading the feathers of past flories.

But sensuous Bapu is not unaware of Pigale street of Paris and Soho of London, where he could yet move over to the rarefied realm of illusion in the midst of parading sensuality, when he realises 'the elephant is an illusion, the escapade is an illusion'.

Like Balagangadhara Tilak, Bapu Reddy has an intense propensity for darkness: Deepavali (the festival of lights) does not symbolise the triumph of light over darkness but suggests rather the devouring of light by darkness. Tilak had celebrated the dazzle of darkness in his poem on 'Lamps'.

The vision of the poet is marked by eclecticism-in literary taste, racial texture, religious pursuit, political persuasion et al. He

demonstrates in his poetic credo the Vedic expansiveness enshrined in 'Ano bhadra Kritavastu Viswata:' (Let noble thoughts come from everywhere), when he commingles Homer, Valmiki, Buddha, Socrates, Chanakya and Aristotle in his cultural heritage. He sings of 'the child born in the cattleshed' as well as about -

the supreme flower
of love essence, its botanical name
Unity of existence
Poetic name Yunus Emre!
To him the vatican
citadel of catholic faith,
the holy crown of Pope Paul
appeared like the corolla of Rome.

The global gyrations, the humanistic perspective, the progressive propensity and the supraphysical intimations have not dulled the romantic ebullience of the poet, who can yet celebrate a stolen kiss, when he plants it on his beloved -

despite your bashful 'No'
and reached a new height
in delight.

He can suffer and express exquisite anguish at the thought of the elusive lover, in whose fruitless quest 'his tender feet are red, red roses'. He recreates the ineffable experience when 'beauty peeped through (her) eyes/its image reflected on her rubicund cheeks/as vitreous diamond discs.

An earlier collection of poems of Dr. Bapu Reddy was entitled 'In quest of Harmony' which symbolized his poetic quest then. Over the years, the poet has marched toward higher awareness of the harmony of Man and Time which ensures for the poetic work of Bapu Reddy a durable and exalted place in Modern Poetry.

Hyderabad
Octobe 6,1999.

- **Prof. S.S. Prabhakar Rao**
J.N.T. University

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The Mother of Time

*Time is a queer baby ;
it smiles blooms
when warm zephyrs tickle;
It squeezes floating clouds
and throws them on the ground playfully.
It needs no room nor rest
but content with fun and frolic.
Treats everything as its own
meets everyone as if well known.
Builds tiny castles
on the sand-beds mirthfully
and enjoys erasing them carelessly.
It plays for a while
with whatever comes handy
in whimsical exaltation.*

*Listens to none
follows no rhyme
nor reason
and hurls and burns all and sundry ;
marches on oblivious
of all consequences.
Every one is struck
with awe and admiration
for the guileless selfless Time.*

*Who could be the mother
that bore the Time baby
and left it an orphan in the streets-
homeless hopeless nameless and formless
and went away merrily
to some destination unknown.*

Dearest to the Soul

*Time has only present tense
Sans past, sans future;
Time is eternity
transcending Light and Darkness
Time is soaring crest of life
immeasurable by hours, days, centuries, aeons
An interminable tunnel of inexplicable thought.
But
the all pervading Time has no address;
Causes countless histories bereft of its own.
Nothing can escape Time's eye -
not even the infinitesimal atom.
No edict can ever alter its verdict.*

*Time is a friend indeed, in Life and Death.
Go wherever, do whatever,
Time is invariably with you -
a steadfast verity.
Time is child-like, nonchalant
to love and hatred, belief and disbelief.
It is an important witness to the daily chore;
a primordial communion
inaccessible to scripts, scribes and symbols.
It is dearest to the Soul
for the animate and the inanimate
for the transcendent, permanent, and all.*

Dangling on Time

*Ever since my birth
I have been dangling on Time.
Alike to a pendulum
I am oscillating
between light and darkness.*

*Time is my way and vehicle too ;
my journey and destination too.
I am an infant too faint
to defy mighty maternal Time
Born from the womb of time
brought in its abode
destined to end up in its precincts,
I am an abstruse bubble -
a naive babe.*

*Not me alone,
the nine planets
innumerable stars, universes
gyrate desperately
on the inviolable circumferences
of Time's circles.*

*The sky is hanging
the silence is hanging
descrying recondite
branching Time.*

Inscrutable Time

*I make life out of Time,
it perishes.*

*I produce death out of Time,
it survives.*

Time

*converts earth into tree
and tree into earth
creates everything from nothing;
turns everything into nothing
suspends planets and stars in the space
with strings of silence.*

*It befriends everyone
quarrels with all
Time is blind
but beholds
the face of the invisible.*

*Time is deaf
but hears
the call of Silence.*

*Time mutates everything but itself,
Time reveals all secrets but itself.
It permits authority over everything
but birth and death;
It grants every right
save the right to challenge itself!*

Automatic Clock

*The automatic clock
ticking every second
garnering each minute
sounding every hour
has abruptly stopped;
a traveller on the run
suddenly collapsed.*

*Confined to the circular logic of life
its stretching hands raised repeatedly
the same questions
and with a maddening shock
suddenly collapsed.*

*At midnight dark and dreadful
at midday jetting hypnotic light
with hands folded on its forehead
prayed the Lord for direction
but the poor creature suddenly collapsed.*

*Traversing the same path
over and again
arriving at the same places
time and again
the perambulating machine
stopped instantly on the track.
Maybe,
the place where it broke down
is itself its destination.*

Stone My God

*Of stones I compose poems
for they whisper deep into my soul
the unassialable truths
of recondite reality.*

*Stone was born long before man,
the flora and fauna, air, water -
before any life was ever born.*

*Creations, destructions, mutations
all the events that took place in time-
thousands, Millions, billions
trillions of years ago
provide the measure of time
but*

*I beseech the mute stone
to tell me when Time was born.*

*On the summits of soaring mountains
in the folds of earth surface
deep down in the oceanic womb
the stones manifest as solid reservoirs of Time.*

*Sculpting them into my dream shapes,
I worship them with supreme devotion
in history's receding shadows
in evolution's onward march
fearless fetterless aloft they stand.
Assimilating every thought and tongue
these stone festoons reflect
the ultimate truths of mind and spirit;
they hypnotize me with their
metaphysical intimations.*

Transmuting Might

*Youth challenges
invading old age
yet, Time's mutating might
penetrates the defiant youth's
defence lines --
captures the boasting body fortress
bit by bit with hit by hit -
ingenuity overwhelms authority.*

*First casualty
my jet black hair;
the sensuous musical lute
tuned into mystic silvery strings.*

*My adamantine ivory teeth
were pulled out one by one
ascribing a second childhood
to my hollow face.*

*My eyes which saw
all that glittered as gold
are filled with filtering mist-dust,
ordained to look
not outside but inside.*

*My mountainous muscles
were pounded into flour paste;
my roaring ego-lion
transfigured as meek mute cow.*

*Tricky Time bends my stretching spine
into an arching bow
spins my nerves into a tight string
aims the dreaded death-arrow
at my daring being
hiding behind the fading youth.*

*My raging mind decries
the aging ;
raising the demanding fists
of marching desires,
my incorrigible body cries
in excruciating pain
inflicted by the invisible arrow
of invincible Time;
yet my spirit would fight
for perennial life right
to wriggle out of Time Trap,
to defeat entropy
with quantum alternative -
Ageless Body and
Timeless Mind.*

Womb of the Graveyard

*Daily I walk
from my house to a graveyard
from west to east
winding, rewinding three kilometers
around my circumambulating feet.*

*A doctor's prescription,
"physical exercise,"
turns into a spiritual experience for me.
Now I don't bother about fitness to live
but fitness to die.
Doctor certified my fitness to exist
but the graveyard
whispers to my wavering self
"You are not yet fit to exit
for embarking on the marathon journey".*

*Under my feet
I feel the earth's gyration
from west to east -
a desperate run for its own survival.*

*Mute rocks 'squatting patiently
on the contours of the corrugated landscape
watch my weary movements
in inscrutable wonder.
The trees glued to the ground
stretch their heads
towards the eluding sky
as if to know their own fate.*

*Birds,
hopping from branch to branch
count the sprouting and falling leaves,
mark their time and
keep themselves busy
to beat mundane monotony.*

*Everything appears to await the arrival
of the ineluctable moment
for the inevitable entry
into the womb of the graveyard.*

Urn of Love

*My Father gathered
eighty six years
of untamed Time
in his soul-bloomed body ;
fed them with
emotions, affections
dreams, desires
smiles, sacrifices.
He bequeathed his annointed body to me
as a parting gift
of his flitting Soul.
Bathing it in my streaming tears
I cremated it
in my burning thoughts
collected the eashes
in the urn of my prestine love
treasured it in the
silent deeps of seas,
sprinkled it
on the singing waves of streams,
sowed it
in the fecund womb
of sleeping consciousness.*

*Now,
a dream framed in
fragrant memories
his image hangs
on the eternal wall
of my nescience.*

The two Sides

*Birth is one side
death is the other
on the leaf of human life.*

*Day is one side
night is the other
of the falling leaf of time.*

*Space is one side
Time is the other
of the infinite leaf of creation.*

*Dream is one side
Reality is the other
for the human eye that can perceive.*

*There is no leaf with only one side
There is no river with only one bank.
Nothing indeed is alone ;
everything is dual,
even God is not alone.*

Rising from the Graves

Corpses

*are rising from the graves
challenging the vicious hand
that snatched away their right to live !*

*They vow to avenge the evil
which consigned them to the graveyard
and to usher sprightly new spring
in the cemeteries of their ruined lives.*

*Lord Shiva dances in the burial ground
to the rejuvenating resonance of creation.
The lord of dalliance Krishna plays
on the flutes of skeleton bones.*

*The smashed hearts
blow like the conch shells ;
the extinguished rays of hope
blaze again like raging flames.
The fragrance that took refuge
under the folds of earth
scared by the onslaught of freezing winters
emerge & smile as colourful blooms.*

*Lo! the devilish darkness
which fractured human aspirations
has taken to heels.
The falsehood that sniffed
at the breath of the innocent
is exposed and exploded.
The machinations which distorted the symphony
of the song of prosperity are reduced to dust;
The eclipse of the stasis,
obfuscating human vision is cleared.*

Logic of Life

*I shall take death with me
to the deeps of unbounded peace;
I shall carry my life
on the course of nescience and knowledge
to illimitable oceanic happiness.
I am flowing flanked by twin banks -
Birth and Death,
waving, whirling, roaring
and beaming the sublime thoughts
emerging suddenly from no where.*

*I am proceeding toward unknown destination
observing the play of seasons
on the landscapes stretching to the horizons;
suffering the pains
rejoicing the pleasures
I justify my existence.
I blame myself, I extol myself
I console myself with intense emotion
changing my attire and speech
I appear in varied forms and myriad names;
conversing in language which uses
Subjects sans verbs
Verbs sans subjects and objects sans both.
My conscience is my grammar
I practise the culture of paideuma
and tell Time to tarry a little
till I know "who am I ?"*

Kovlam Beach

*Wearing sunshine swimsuits
hillocks float
on the salubrious Kovlam Beach.
Nude seatides hug the holidaying crowd
soul deep - like little kids playing in mother's arms ;
the tourists oblivious of their sex and status
frolic in the stretching sea arms ;
the parched souls quench their thirst
at the barless bare sandy bars .*

*When the body is disrobed
the beguiling film on th eye is gone;
each sees the other as his/her image
each greets the other
"Twame Vaham" - You are me !*

*Zooming Zephyrs come
in yogic walk on the deep waters;
excited palm groves welcome them
with bunched coconut banners
to the wishfulfilling shore.*

*In the roar of the ocean
all tongues unite
In the mighty waters of humanity
all racial distinctions vanish.*

*Gazing at unmitigated Nature's beauty
the premeval Sun on the sky
and the prescient poet on the earth
dived in boundless ocean of jubiliation.*

The Melody of Dawn

*She illumines poesy
with words sanctified by her soul power ;
indelible experiences unfold
in her radiant intuitive thoughts ;
Unique images, symbols, metaphors sprout from
the footprints of her daring dreams in dreary sands.*

*Her visions of venture and valor
decipher the affable shining horizons
lost in the perverse trickery of Times.
Fetterless freedom, blissful wisdom
of the enlightened souls
were submerged by cunning history
in the sea of suppressive silence;
her anguished breath of conviction
unleashed a hurricane in the gagged sea.*

*She is an enraged human voice,
a questioning muse of power
challenging the diabolic darkness
guilty of distorting
cherished values of egalitarian culture.
She declares war on the deadly discriminations
of sex, class, colour, creed,
with a dedicated altruistic strategy,
exuding inspiring transparency of truth and virtue
in her exaltations.
She is a serene dawn, joyously heralding
the Sun of the new Millenium
emerging from the easterly gate
with a beaming, elevating message
for the despised mankind.*

Macabre Miasma

*The atmosphere is surfeit
with Macabre Miasma;
The land is engulfed in
pernicious conflagration ;
oxygen imhadling man is hence
afflicted with noxious insanity.*

*Hopes and aspirations of progression
are charred in flames ;
Dreadful history takes birth
in the lap of sacred India*

*The stars and planets are aspected
by sinister Saturn,
Pedantic selfishness
subjugates posse of mind and muscle.*

*Lo! the mad counternane
of bizarre man
on the intellectual platform
the yawning stupidity
in the realm of sacred scriptures
dubious thoughts creating
incongruity between word & deed
the surreptitious hordes of exploiters
inciting disunity and disharmony
among the creeds and cultures
turned conteporary India
into battlefield of crisis
of values and character.*

*Ignoring the exhortations of
bounteous Nature,
savage minds preach
the mountains, rivers, earth and air
devouring and destructive dogmas,
and exile the light,
and extol the darkness.*

*The conquest of space,
perennial philosophies,
history's experiences
soul's revelations
blazing like torches
show the path of progress
but
in the sociological life's journey
the chaotic humans with crassminds
made truth a sacrificial goat
expelling humanism
for the sake of worthless soil.*

*And where pray is the clarion call
jolting humans from slumber
and hacking the vultures distorting
eternal quintessential verities.*

Stolen Kiss

*I kissed you
despite your bashful 'No'
and reached a new height
in delight.*

*Should an astronaut
take permission
of the fascinating moon
to reach it with abounding love?*

*How can the Ganges of your smiles
be polluted
because I take a dip in it
as a devotee of your beauty?*

*I thought
the mirrors of your vitreous cheeks
never get besmirched
from reflecting in them my image
howsoever uncouth it might be.*

*If at all you feel that I caused
a slur on your snowy white bosom
I shall erase it
with a tender flush of my tears.*

Pity it's a City

*Streets flooded with people
Lanes choked with filth -
Pity, it is a city
and I, its drowning nonentity !*

*Eyes closed, ears shut
holding the nose in finger tips
I feel trapped by this monstrosity.
On the sprawling city face
'Dirt culture' stalks.
Sweepers are spitting
Brooms are blushing !
Dogs get mad
losing faith in man.
Cattle questing
in the labyrinthine market place
for the Gods that fled from the temples
fed up with fake devotees.
Mosquitoes learn macabre melodies
playing on the blood veins of the commoners.
Flies making fetid festival
in the heaps of human excreta
challenging man ;
no poet can depict city as they do!*

*Buildings swallowing the roads
Beggars eclipsing the pavements
Cinema halls vomiting crowds
Traffic obstructing Time's movement
hawkers littering the empty spaces
paint the city as creased beauty ;
all converge to gangrape the city.*

Truth Intoxicated

*The mind of a drunken man
is a clear mirror
reflecting vividly
his thoughts and feelings.*

*You cannot make one utter a lie
if one is drunk, soul deep;
you cannot hide the true face
of one who is divinely drunk;
intoxicated truth is unconcealable truth.*

*It is not the man who drinks
but his mind;
it is not his mind that is drunk
but his ego.*

*He who has an idea to express but is shy
he who has an act to do, but is afraid,
once drunk,
would express himself and dart into action,
overcoming all doubt, diffidence and fear;
a poet would soar
on the wings of his imagination,
a minstrel would hum the best of cadences,
a babbler - would let loose his gammon,
a philosopher would dive
into depths of thought,
an assassin would plan a murder,
a lecher would parade
his lascivious impudence.*

*The character of one who is profusely drunk
unveils itself unabashedly ;
his disposition unfolds itself uninhibited,
nothing is lost which is inherent in him,
nothing is gained which is foreign to him.*

*If a cat is drunk
it behaves like a tiger
and attempts to hunt elephants too;
a monkey on brandy
would set the house ablaze;
if a cuckoo sips whisky
I am sure it would sing
in winter as well;
drink is a tonic
for one with sterling qualities;
yet alcohol to a fribble
is like an ocean to a non-swimmer.*

*Beer leaves a coward cold
but kindles the spirit of a warrior;
wine melts no stones
but stimulates the amorous.*

*Drink acts as a buttress
when inherent strength falls short;
when the wind of inspiration
ceases to blow
alcohol may act as a fan.*

*When, why and who needs drink
is to be decided,
each for himself.*

*For myself, I need
neither booty nor buttress
and no alcohol either.*

Peerless Lord

*The treacherous hand
of a diabolic mind
struck a praying man
under the cover of
an omnivorous dusk
and the dreams of India
flew from the loving heart.*

*'Hare Ram
Hare Ram!'
the devout words
like pet parrots
darted out
from the toothless mouth
of a truthful human.*

*A walking stick
that rocked the mighty empires
dropped from the hand
of a grand old man
turned into the mighty spinal cord
of a marching youthful nation.*

*The sacred bones
enshrined in the sacrificial soil
on the Yamuna bank
sing in silence
the eternal song of freedom
in syphonies of love
echoing pervasive melodies
that once surged out
of the fascinating flute
of the peerless Lord.*

Saga of Space Conquest

*He did,
he did step on the moon
on July 21, 1969
in the longest stride in evolution ;
man, the envoy of mother earth,
armoured with science and secular wisdom
removed yet another recondite veil
from the face of creation's secrets
and lit up a new lamp on heavenly paths.*

*Human spirit
raising its hand at Cape Kennedy
ushered in a new era and
converted the remote moon
into the first stepping stone
of intrepid space travel!
Lunick, Gemini, Luna, Appollo
are emblems of space ascendancy.*

*The Strong Armed human
endowed with grit and prowess
waxed lyrical
as he stepped on the lunar surface
and enthralled the world
with an astute remark
"that's one small step for man
but one giant leap for mankind!"
While a chime of happiness
the hearts of the populace, rang through,
the critical minds of intellectuals,
reeled in a vortex of complexity.*

*But what is the goal of these achievements?
Where is this unrivalled journey
taking the earth?
Does man know?
Does the goblin hidden in him know
why the impalpable atom is detonated,
the impregnable sky perforated,
the dreamed new era initiated?*

*An atom bomb
is not nobler than a match stick
to set fire to this globe ;
space cruise
is not superior to a road journey
to reach a noxious hell ;
a communication satellite
not greater than a cawing crow
to propagate malevolence.*

*No need for sensitive cameras
and sophisticated televisions
to present the pictures
of drought and devastation ;
no need
for a network of radio service
to broadcast the hue and cry of affliction.
The growth of wit and wisdom
if aimed to eliminate vice and evil
is a boon welcome
but if it aids the extermination
of right and virtue,
it is a doom; shun it.
Man, the selfish man,*

*who swindles his village
for the sake of his family,
harms his country
for the sake of his province,
cheats the foreigner
for the sake of his country
might as well
plunder the other planets
for the sake of his own
and disturb the peace of outer worlds
in the name of glory
for his own petty world.*

*With inveigling slogans
and equivocal doctrines
he depicts selfishness as sacrifice
and war as peace.*

*His feet on the spangled moon
but his hands
besmirched with human blood
Love for the far off moon
but hate for his fellow beings
would only repeat history ;
may it be earth or heaven
it would be rent asunder and shattered
in the blizzard
of inveterate selfishness
and orgies of invidious parochialism.*

*Those with internal vision
accomplished spiritual knowledge
through incessant penance
and abstrusely preserved
the secrets of the universe in Vedas
and secrets of life in Yogas.*

*Those with external vision
attained material knowledge,
through myriad experimentation
unravelling the mystic universe
discovering hidden truths.*

*Spiritual knowledge,
travelled on a yogic path
from the East ;
material knowledge
journeyed on experimental path
from the west
representing two sides of evolution ;
they resembled each other
and yearned to converge.*

*If a divisible atom is human soul,
the indivisible atom is the supreme soul ;
there is no matter without the atom,
there is no life without the soul.
What could be achieved by atom power
could as well be achieved
by the power of the soul.
If we can subdue the indivisible atom
we could as well master the supreme soul.*

*Ravana's yogic splendour
was rendered futile by his demoniacism.
Powers of penance perished
in their abuse.
I am afraid
that man's powers of science and technology
would meet the same fate
if deployed against peace and freedom.*

*When nectar was churned out of the ocean
the demons claimed it as their own
to perpetrate perdition
and annihilate the race of gods.
Likewise, belligerent maniacs
and flagitious selfseekers
are scheming to usurp the ambrosia
of scientific knowledge ;
let us beware and foil their pernicious designs.*

*We have lost
our spiritual knowledge by abuse;
let us atleast preserve
our material knowledge
through its judicious use.*

*Let us
sever attachment with devilish avarice
and establish alliance and affinity
with other planets
to join the sequestered creation
on a common melody of rhapsody
and mould the smouldering earth
into a heavenly abode.*

A Bleeding Poem

*Oh! cruel, terrible Death!
For your cunning scheme
of entrapping lives.
Are there no norms, rules, regulations
compassion, consideration, rhyme and reason?
You devour all that lives in your reach
Swallow everything born and breathing
Our Sanobar Marker, Naoshir Marker
a loving young couple
were travelling with their two innocent kids
on the Pune Highway
like every other person :
You ensnared and gulped the fated four
in a split second.*

*To adorn your horrific necklace
To set in your hair tresses
Could you find only
those guileless tender little ones
those promising young couple, made for each other?
They,
bathed in poetry - dressed in poetry
were fed on poetry -
conversed, enraptured in poetry;
and symbolised the souls
that transcended the barriers
of caste, creed & community.*

Clamant Waves

*The clamant urchins of waves
Clamber the bosom of the sea;
What could be their wanton wishes
Which even the Lord of unfathomed wisdom
Could hardly sanction?
What could be their boons
Which the infinitely powerful Ocean God
Could hardly shower?
Incessantly asking and sobbing
the guileless waves have fagged out;
fretting with surfy countenance
lie on the velvety sandy beds
rolled out by the mother earth.*

*They retreat to the sea soon
to wash their bodies soiled with sand granules
and put on fresh foamy garments.
The playful boisterous kiddy waves
are the floating dreams
unaware of intriguing realities.*

*Born in the restive waters
they crave to arrive at the alluring shores
Touching the sanctified soil
they slip into the primeval ocean.
Is their play itself the game of life?
Is their song itself the divine voice?
Are the waves incapable
of merging in the deeps of the Sea
or surviving perpetually on the stolid earth
should they only shuttle back and forth
and remain nomads belonging nowhere?*

A Poem on My Poems

My poems

*weep-laugh-fume and mutely act pantomime,
dance and roar*

like thunderous clouds;

*Their voice reverberates crystal' clear
across the forlorn strands of horizons
and in the secret chambers of hearts
in the distant dales and remote glens
in the egalitarian song of the cascading streams;
they rove in joy abandon uninhibited,
surging with inquisitiveness
to unravel the mysteries
and communicate the inscrutable -
a thirst unquenchable.*

*They fight with niscience
and frolic with knowledge.*

*They pitch their tents
in the parched deserts;*

*They revel in luminiscent visions
on the desolate sands;*

They pose questioins and answer them as well.

*They guide blind Time
towards the shimmer of awareness.*

*My poems are hungerless nightingales,
winkless parrots,
nestling buds,
unwithering spring times!*

Love Economics

*My love,
I consume the honey of your lips
in units of years,
yet it is an exception
to the law of diminishing utility.*

*I tender my entire life the price
for a single embrace, tight and warm,
yet my consumer's surplus is infinite.*

*Your curves
your glances
your smiles
serve as three factors of production
producing
a flow of magnificent thoughts in me.*

*Every moment of your absence
freezes and shatters
each part of my body
akin to a country
caught in a cycle of depression.*

*When you do not back me
I cannot demand
even an iota of beauty in nature
like a pauper
with zero purchasing power.*

*All debased currencies
that came to compete with you
disappear from the field, instantaneously -
Gresham's Law inversely operates.*

*When manured
with pollen of your feet
my third grade heart yields
a bumper crop
of delights and hopes
with Increasing Returns.*

*Infinitely I can go on
with this song of longing
but stop under constraint
of the unfortunate Law
that beyond certain point
Marginal Utility
drops to minus utility.*

Life

Life,

*a string of light
suspended by time
betwixt birth and death.
Birth - an alluring secret ;
Death - an awful mystery!*

Life,

*a dazed witness in the docks of doubts
attempting to answer the eternal questions
of birth and death ;
it knows not the truth
and speaks not untruth.
Blind time with deaf pen
writes down on dumb paper
every word of silence
in letters of tears;
No Judgement but charges repeated.*

*Birth courting Death
Death Seeking Birth
Sustain the suspense of life
Dramatise the monotony of Infinitude.*

Life -

*a dreary reality
running after elusive phantoms;
a winged illusion
flitting away from the cages
of stark realities!*

Anatomy of Thanatology

*Jatasya Maranam Dhruvam
That which is born shall die ;
it is a secret pact
between Life and Death
for their mutual perpetuation
with a cabalistic clause
that they shall not reveal
their true cause.
Manifesting their will
in myriad forms and names
they defy definition --*

*Like Light and Darkness
they hide and seek
each the other
in a circular logic
playing androgynous magic.*

*Egyptian Pyramids
Roman columbarium
Indian Tajmahal
Moscow Red Square Mausoleum
are tributes of Life's Tombs
to Death.
a ludicrous response
to a ridiculous situation,
Vindicating
Death is the Birth right of Life.
Zoology, Entomology
Sociology, Astrology
Pathology, Psychology
Teleology, Theology
all begin with Biology
and end up in Thanatology.*

Illusion and Reality

*Sky is a gigantic expanse
too vast for my thoughts to envelop.
With trillions of starry eyes
the wilkin watches me with a feeling of pity,
Laughs scornfully
at my building castles with airy thoughts
moulded in my clay cerebrum.*

*The infinite firmament
with its immeasurable dimensions
is amazed and amused
at the endeavour of Time to measure Space
with light years
wondering to laugh or to weep!*

*All chronicles enacted on this earth
are reduced to ashes and are lost in the dust,
Yet the self conceited man
hankers after name and dies for fame;
Resorts to dubious means
embraces illusory creeds
to establish a lasting identity for himself
not only in this temporal world
but also in the weend worlds beyond.*

*The overbearing man, who can never know the radius
of the shoreless blue over his head,
fancies that the sprawling firmament
is resting on the horizon of his vision
and is lost in the bliss of his ecstatic lyrical thoughts.
God alone knows the anguish of the muse
at this state of man's piteous hallucination.*

Who's to Blame?

*I hate not the venomous serpents,
rather blame Nature
for fitting them with poisonous fangs;
But I despise the humans
who don hissing stings of greed and avarice
and bite the fellowmen brutally.*

*I abhor not the wild beasts killing their prey,
instead resent the Creator for charging them
with insatiable hunger providing no food
and abandoning them in jungles dreary.
But I detest the civilized humans
rolling in abundant wealth
but sucking the blood of toiling masses.*

*I am not furious
with the interpid brethren in revolt
but shun the surreptitious systems
that repress and torture the forlorn populace.*

*I am assuuously engaged
in exploding the citadels
of injustice, inequity and exploitation
ingeniously designed
by intellectual dishonesty.
I have no interest in the debatable mystiques
behind the event of birth
and beyond the event of death;
but I would denounce and banish
the pseudo spiritualist
disparaging
joyous earthly life experience
as illusion and irrelevant.*

Light Subserves Darkness

*Light is scared of darkness,
Darkness makes light of light;
Light blazens, and rewards;
Darkness prowls, plunders and hides.
Neither the flickering wick nor the resplendent Sun
could challenge coiling darkness.
The protean Darkness plays cunning game with light
and commits fraud on the glow of virtue.*

*Light toils and creates;
Darkness devours and destroys.
For its sheer selfish agenda,
Sly Darkness beguiles Light,
Secures light's sanctions for its devious authority
and nefarious deeds.
It usurps the harvest of the eastern light
and makes merry in the western clandestine resorts.*

*Darkness schemes its eyes closed
Light repents when eyes it opens.
Even the wisest, wittiest could be victims
of dark's ingenious evil designs.
Light knocks the dark shadow's door for entry
and survives on its whims and fancies.
The irony is :
Light can only convince and not contest darkness,
it can only appeal but not attack.*

*The festival of Light, Deepavali, is indeed
the celebration of Darkness in the light's mask.
Discern the true picture of Darkness
bereft of flowery phrases, dazzling similes
innovative images and mismerising symbols.*

*The blustering crackers are but
the cackle of dizzy darkness ;
the rows of lamps are but
the genuflecting sentinels hailing
the triumphal march of Darkness.*

*The cracking flower pots
and the peeling fire works
are only the warnings to remonstrating light.*

*The parachuting sparklers and rockets
are indeed the soaring pride of roaring Darkness.
That "Deepvali is a vindication
of light's victory over Darkness"
is a myth.
That it is a celebration of subjugation
of the light by darkness,
is the truth.*

*The hungry bellies, the weary rights
the vapid wings, the helpless stars -
all alluring the splintered light
join in the ominous chorus "Long live Darkness!"*

*Th languishing truth, the vanishing virtue
the battered beauty caught
in the murderous conspiracy of darkness
hoist "white flag" of supplication.
The advocates of Darkness explode
the defences of the light
akin to the bursting of crackers;
who can compose a dirge for the darkness
bolstered by the blaze of light ?*

The Song of Snow Fall

*Snow fall snow fall
the music of winter,
the clouds are night clubs
chanting carols of showering snow.*

*Trees and creepers
stripped like cabaret girls;
roofs, roads and walls
with mouths wide open,
silver-white teeth exposed.*

*Milk has spread
all over the meadows ;
Cream has floated
on lingering water courses.*

*On loving pairs
errant in the streets
the blessed season showers
white lilies and joyous jasmines.*

*Merry Christmas days
blithesome crowds everywhere
fairies of affluence
spread out pearls abundantly.*

*What wonder, what snow
the whole land turned white
cold outside, cosy inside,
warmth suffuses my being.*

(A poem inspired by my first encounter with snowfall - in Holland 1968)

The Rhine

*The Rhine
that sings on the guitar of waves ;
the Rhine
that dances in the heart of Europe ;
the Rhine
that flows like a ballad and a dream
- makes my heart a poetic stream.*

*Born in the apices of the Alps
brought up in beautiful nature's abode
wearing a lasting trailing green robe
the ageless ever young queen that reigns
- makes my heart a poetic stream.*

*She tiptoes with grace across the landscape
evoking in twice-shaken humanity
awe and delight
granting boons of bountiful smiles
lost in the aesthetic world,
garnering lasting glory
- makes my heart a poetic stream.*

*How much of man's blood
has been sucked by man
how often humanity torn
in the name of empty creeds
how many times
shapes of national maps have changed !
an unfortunate witness, the lovely Rhine,
- makes my heart a poetic stream.*

Eclecticism

*In Mandir, in Masjid
in myriad shrines
dwells the same God
and there is but one god that
animates the man
energises the plants
stirs the souls and shapes the stones.*

*Why demolish a mandir
to build a mosque?
Why pull down a mosque
to raise a mandir?
the builders and breakers
worship the same God.*

*Man was born much before
the Messiahs
Rm, Krishan, Buddha
Christ, Confucius
descended on the earth
as epitomes of love
embodiments of compassion
manifestations of Ideal Man
to serve the cause of man
and live enshrined
in the bosom of Man.*

*They flowed from the same
infinite Time and Space
vindicating the same
Reality and Eternity.*

*All humans enter and exist
the world alike;
all religions, creeds, faiths
are but the shades of
the same Cosmic Truth;
thrive alike under
the self same sun and moon.*

*Don't dub this eclecticism
as aspects of escapism
the reign of altruism
shall prevail the world over ;
The clasp of venomous hate
shall varnish for ever.*

Exquisite Anguish

*Having for long trudged thorny paths
and flinty lands
in fruitless quest of you
my tender feet are now red red roses -
oh, my elusive lover!*

*Having for long carried the burden
of my unheeded youth
in a barefoot pursuit of you
my waist is now shrunk
to ethereal slenderness -
oh, my evasive lover!*

*Having for long peered
into long swarthy nights
in an unrewarding rummage of you
my eyes are now colerium -
oh, my parrying lover!*

*Having for long been crushed
under indignant teeth
in frustrating hope for you
my lips are now blossoms of blood -
oh my dodging lover!*

*Having for long sat in meditation
of your visionary thought
my plaits fell to touch my heels -
oh, my merciless lover!*

*Having for long been ablaze
in hopeless longing for you
my cheeks are now orbs of fire -
oh, my crafty lover!*

*Having for long been in gaze
in futile expectation of you
my love and longing
became twin shrines on my bosom -
oh, my truant lover!*

*Having been for long tossed
in pangs of separation
with a desperate trust in our union
my body is now a jumble of curves -
oh, my cruel lover!*

An Entreaty

*Oh cuckoo, for a while
would you stop your song
and allow me to sing
my experience of the spring?*

*Oh stream, you play
amidst hills and vales,
can't you flow through the rocks
of pain in my heart?*

*Oh lightning you illumine
dark night with flashlight,
can't you throw into my life
a spark of hope and delight?*

*Oh Niagara you leap
from the sky into earth's abyss,
can't you turn my mind's wheel
to generate power of knowledge?*

*Oh *Chekori, you run to the moon
to drink from its disc in vain,
can't you carry a message
to my love beyond my reach?*

*Oh clouds, you shut out the moonlight
that torments parted lovers,
can't you stop the threatening thoughts
that pierce and torture my being?*

*Oh nature, you play the cosmic veena
and create each minute new life,
can't you make me a string of your lute
and of your eternal song a note?*

**Skylark*

The Fear

*Fear of losing what I possess
Fear of missing what I seek
Fear of my juniors overtaking me
Fear of lagging behind my peers.*

*Fear that pealing clouds may hurl thunderbolts
Fear that pouring rains may deluge
Fear that gyrating earth may collapse suddenly.*

*Fear that sickness may strike
that accidents may befall any moment
that friends may turn hostile.*

*Fright of war, defeat, violence, kidnaps
Fright to make love, enter wedlock.
Fright to carouse in sensuous pleasures
Dread of inimical reaction to acquired popularity
Dread of despair if truth is revealed
Dread of Scandals for attaining affluence
In between the haunting fear of death
Anxieties, worries, despair over sundry matters
How then, can we conquer fiendish fear,
enjoy life and experience bliss?*

An Ineffable Experience

*Beauty peeped through her eyes
its image reflected on her rubicund cheeks
as vitreous diamond discs
on her liquiscent lips as moonlight streams.*

*My awakened soul discovered
rapturous heights and dizzy depths
in the gesticulating display of
her turmeric body, top to toe.*

*In her symphonic breathing
my creative consciousness swayed in
and floated like a cloud rhapsody
between Earth and Sky.*

*My rekindled wisdom realised
No rhetoric can evoke her cosmic beauty
and held me in ineffable joy*

*For nihilism, maybe
She is a mere clayey doll
But what about the mystic power
that created such supermal sapphire
in human frame?*

*If my five sensory powers
entranced in the physical beauty
are not trusted
how then can we trust existence
of God in Man?*

*If bliss is the benediction of the other world
what for life in this world?
And why the haunting fear of death?*

My Longing

*I shall not now linger on
to hear the cuckoo's monotonous song;
To be enchanted by an inspring chorus
of glorious human victories, I long.*

*The dazzle of colourful flowers in the garden
offers no delight to my weary eyes;
To behold in desperate trampled lives
the blossoming of many a spring, I long.*

*This rotund moon and its silvery rays
appeal no more to my turbulent heart;
To find a lasting glint of happiness
in the eyes of the toiling masses, I long.*

*Strolls'on the smooth sandy beaches
fail to heal my wounded soul;
To walk with pride on the even surface
of an egalitarian society, I long.*

*Gazing at the shimmering stars in their vacuum
brings no relief to my sorrowful mind;
To see a lamp of fulfilment
in every human abode, I long.*

*The swing of fragrant cool breezes
thrills no more my agonied being;
To witness the dawn of prosperity
on the horizon of poverty, I long.*

Man and the Moon

*Beauty is beauty
whether accessible or not ;
what thrills the heart is different
from what stirs the mind,
yet they are twin banks
of the same blissful stream of ideas;
the experience of the senses
is not impoverished
by an onslaught of scientific knowledge.*

*A thousand nude photos of the moon
may belie the moon's image
as a paragon of beauty
and reveal it as a dreary craggy land
of useless cliffs and craters
devoid of air and water,
yet can one remain unaroused
gazing at the rotund moon
as it spreads its silver net across
the star spangled sky ?*

*A heap of bones
a bundle of nerves
a net of veins and arteries
a mass of flesh
a sack of skin
is the human body
as the doctor knows it,
yet is he not enchanted
by the beauty and curve
of a vivacious damsel?*

*On the silver screen
those in trouble
those troubling
are but acting
it we all know,
yet don't we shed tears?*

*That which is born shall perish
life is but a bubble
every one knows,
yet don't we behave
as though we have never heard of death?
Is not illusion greater than reality?*

*Victory over the moon
and the uprise of physical science
can never hinder progression
of poetry and arts
springing from boundless imagination ;
an aesthetic thirst
which is as lasting as the moon.*

Aerodrome Syndrome

*This world is an Aerodrome
People land and take off :
from where to where
nobody knows.*

*Ceaseless Trafic to and fro
Similar faces come and go
Dressed differently, aged differently
related directly or remotely
they board the plane
in the order they are called.
Whose turn when none is aware.*

*All are requested to be in readiness
waiting all the time
for the inevitable departure.*

*Boarding and alighting
both are delighting.
Landing and taking off
both are exciting.
Learning, and unlearning
Remembering and forgetting
Birth and death rigmarole
at the earth Aerodrome.*

Inviolable Distance

*Sitting opposite you
across a formidable corridor
infinitesimally stretching
denied your affable access
I measured time and space
with throbs of my heart
and tiptoes of my thoughts.*

*Gazing into your eyes,
sparkling windows
of your fathomless Mind
I scanned the sky of
star-lit fantasies
and the land of inscrutable verities.*

*Pinning my hope
in the pink horizon
where earth kissed heaven
on the silver screen of smiling sheen
I flew on and soared on my fragile wings.
perched on the mount
of a propitious moment
I realised
the distance between you and me
inviolable
yet spanned by overleaping love.*

Look at the Stars

*The countless stars
are truths
spread out on the sky
by some unknowns myths.*

*For the stars somehow
I have an inexplicable fascination;
resolving the knots of the stars,
is an art I learnt as a child;
the flights of my imagination
are along the staircase of stars.*

*A single day I cannot live,
when stars I can not scan;
the ultimate answers
to baffling questionings
lie for me in the stars.*

*True, I live down here
on terra firma,
but truly my wanderings
are on the starpath, always.
As I watch the stars afar,
wings grow on my person.*

*My friends often complain
that I slip into brown study,
take no notice of my neighbours
and pay attention to nobody.*

*But look deep for a while;
scan the scintillating stars
and explore the mystic vacuum;
study the diamonds of wisdom
shining forth from the thousand hoods
of the serpent of Time,
the sparkling eyes of the Universe;*

*Study the millions of stars
a million light years cannot measure;
look at the spheres of light,
illuminating the dark clouds,
which envelop the human eyes
and put their light out.*

*Look at the pillars of diamond
supporting the mansions
erected in the seraphic skies
by the Divine and the Infinite
in a celestial collaboration
-study them intently
in ecstatic exultation.*

(Translated by Prof. S.S. Prabhakar Rao)

Tears Too Dream

*I mingled my tears - with the guiltless ocean
sobbing aloud, looking at the Juhu beach
consoling the miserable metropolis of Bombay,
and turning into the bird of soulful ecstasy,
I soared into the heavens
and crossed the limits of the oceans.*

*Liquified once again into the waves of tears
in the ocean of silence
reigning in the Bahai prayer hall,
a garden of peace in Chicago
echoing still the saintly eloquence
of celebrated Vivekananda
and turned again into the tide of tears
unable to cross the shore
of numberless miseries.*

*Like the waves of the ocean,
which cannot cross the limiting shore,
rise high as they may
and roar fierce as they may,
my thoughts rising skyhigh
yet sticking helplessly
to the inscrutable shores
flutter about hopelessly
spreading froth and foam, the waves retreat
and forge ahead again
in a swirl of indirection.*

*The waves of life and the birds of thoughts,
like the ceaseless waves
which refuse to throw up
their hands in struggle
afraid of the limiting shore,
and of the shore of death,
do not give up the March Ahead!*

(Translated by Prof. S.S. Prabhakar Rao)

Solitude

*I am mortally afraid
of solitude ;
it accosts me
with doubts unnumbered
and torments me
no end ;
it humiliates me
with allegations
beyond my refutation.*

*Silence holds brief for me
and pleads my defence
proffering explanations
for complex phenomena :
to meaningless charges
merrisome counter charges ;
for the questions of solitude
responses of silence.*

*Between solitude and silence
I ripple off like a rivulet -
'yes' and 'no' ; again,
'no' and 'yes'
and penetrate into
the deeps of mystery.*

(Translated by Prof. S.S. Prabhakar Rao)

The Song of Surrender

*Welcome death
my gracious queen
and thank you for calling.*

*Let me sing a song
before we depart ;
Wonder not what more
I have to warble
having tuned
my life's moments
into inclusive lyrics.*

*True, I warbled
countless carols precious ;
the hymn I hum now
is priceless one that counts.*

*All that I sang as if I had known
were of things I knew not ;
now I chant I know not
of the things I know!*

*The supreme song I intone is simple
"I am That : Soham
and that I surrender to you : Daasoham".*

Fright and Oblivion

*Long before Man's advent
onto this planet
Mother earth secured and safeguarded
sustenance for her children yet unborn.
She set up a "School of Nature"
to educate on the utilization
of the bounties provided -
Air, Water, Light, Fire, Coal, Wood, Metals*

*Man was born
but born with him too was "Oblivion".
The child left the mother's lap
but was frightened
by the inexorable tenets of Nature
and preferred
degrading selfishness to veritable wisdom;
Spurned virtue as worthless bitterness
and fancied vice as sweetness.*

*Man initiated his history ;
his physical pains and pleasures
denoted civilization
his likes and dislikes characterised culture;
Scared of revealing effulgence
succumbed to deluding potency.
Man deviated from the course
of his evolution into the divine
and treaded the demoniac path.*

*Human history designed
to be stepped up to cosmic heights
slided down to abysmal crevices.*

*The blessed man of sapience
refusing to learn
lessons and morals from his experience
is promoting "Schools of Stupidity"
orgies of inhuman pettiness
internets of misinformation.*

*Casting gloom on mankind's aspirations
polluting the ideal of shared happiness
with senseless self interest.*

*Memory is a casualty
Oblivion is gaining ascendancy
in the spheres of dedicatioin and duty.
Destruction is raging
Consutruction is dwindling
in the saga of human endeavour.*

From the Paper onto the Field

My Poems

*Suddenly escaped
from the pages of books
from the dark cages
that cooped up their imaginative souls
from the bundles of words
which stifled their dreams
and entered ambient liberty of reality.*

*The voice of altruism denounced
my egoism in cribbing my convoked creativity
to the vapid folds of books
and implored me to integrate
with expansive social edifice
and the grandeur of vibrant nature.*

*Responding to the impelling call
my poems have fled
from the prisons of paper.*

*I espied a graceful belle,
bravely proceeding homewards
all alone in the dead of night
exuding heartening self confidence,
buoyant with unprecedented strength
in the alleged weaker sex.*

*I cherished the sight of
the weak, meak, betrayed, deprived
driven to the intricate jungles
of strife and strain
rising in revolt
against malevolent machinations.*

*I realised the real vision
of my liberated thoughts
singing on the strings of unified strength
of the physical and the spiritual
of the mind and the matter.*

*Rejoiced at the triumph
of my clairvoyant verse
invoking divinity in humanity
humanism in divinity
and bonding the terrestrial and celestial
in the primordial truth -
"Anando Brahma"
Bliss Is Almighty, for all.*

Victory in Defeat

*My defeat at your
passionate hands
is decidedly far greater
than your win over my frigorific body.*

*My weary and dusky eyes
are indeed far superior to
your lusty splendorous countenance
scanning me all over.*

*The placid crystals of sweat
on my perspiring face
are more exalted
than the restive billowing sea
of your limitless power.*

*My blooming blissful corporal experience
outmatches
the whirling of your winged illusion
in the realms of vacuous space.
Oh! my lover intoxicated,
you have plundered
all my precious possessions
Yet
my generosity over-mastered you;
I am a wafting flower
upon the stream of your love.*

An Moment Eternalised

*My head knocked
the doors of her passionate heart
poems rolled out ;
My looks stirred the reflugence in her eyes
fancies poured out.
My dreams sought her empressement
the constriants on their posse vanished.
Then-
slitting the cloaks of darkness
she tiptoed into my life
and rescued me from fright and fallacy.
She edited my fragmented thoughts
into a spectrum of sequenced vision ;
moulded my sequestered experiences
into armoury of resolute action.
She inhaled me into the deeps of her soul
and exhaled as ecstatic fragrance.
She embraced my invisible soul
with her affable body ;
awakened my coiling age
into hissing rage.*

*Blinding my eyes with her
lightining looks
she showed me the cimmerician beauty
threading me through the
time cast star beads
she placed me on the neck
of infinity seated on
the throne of silence
governing Eternity.*

Humanism My Credo

*Decking with colours of caste
Dressing with denominational costumes,
Do not obscure Man's identity
Don't beguile human catholicity -
throw away the theories projecting glitter as gold
and colours as contents.*

*What unites man and man denotes Religion ;
What divides connotes perdition.
What welds the hearts is human language
What splits them is fiendish neighing.
The smile of humanism shall flourish ;
The braying of Satan shall perish*

*You can't save one God
by killing another.
You cannot make for one religion
by defeating another ;
There is but one God Almighty,
one goal for all faiths.*

*Call it a temple call it a mosque
Church or by myriad names,
all humans offer there the same devotion
and seek the same salvation.*

*Convergence of all supplications
subsumes the might of God.*

*Triumph of humanism vindicates
Man's emancipation
from strife and suffering.
Collapse of divisive caste barriers*

*infuses vitality into the Nation's blood
The end of religious bickerings
ensures country's spirituality.*

*All enter the world the same way
Everyone exits through the same door.
Let us not in between besmirch ourselves
with sordid turbidity of casteism.
Let us not deceive ourselves
with obdurate religious fanaticism.
Let mankind live together
as a fraternal family,
transcending constraining caste and creed!*

*There is no ethics greater than love;
There is no resolve nobler
than spontaneous service;
There is no truth excelling universal equality ;
There is no beauty holier than devotion to duty.*

*Let us realise -
All of us share the same
Caste, Creed, Faith
redolent with same means and ends;
Truth, Beatitude and Beauty*

Crucifixion of Truth

*A babe born in a cattle-shed
conquered the world,
a spark from the dream's womb
grew into an truth-illuminating Sun.*

*He is a fountain of love
in the endlessss expanse of life's desert;
a heavenly voice
broke out from Bethlehem,
a sparkling star
appeared on a desolate night.*

*The hooded serpent of hatred
stung human society,
the Dragon of despotism
snatched the desiderata of man,
the roar of Barbarism
drowned the wail of the meek,
the helpless humanity
raised its hands to the sky.*

*In the battle of
Satan against the Divine,
in the rattle of
the chaos and cosmos
He vindicated the Almighty's might
and humanity's right.*

*The world called him Messaiah,
he carried the cross for the world.
Between Truth's crucifixion
and love's ressurrection,
an incarnation of the Holy Spirit
His life, a new Genesis
His love, a Merry Christmas.*

Veritable Vivekananda

*I see him,
even with my eyes closed
I hear him
even with my ears shut ;
he is Vivekananda.*

*A hundred years ago,
in the famed city of Chicago,
at the historic Congress of World Religions
of divergent faiths, creeds, concepts of life;
Vivekananda emerged
as a doyen of monism,
of spiritual equality and unity.*

*He taught new articulation to Truth
showed new vision to life;
lent new dimension to humanism
and opened the eyes of nescience.*

*He was an evolved soul
who could perceive the illumination
of the divine intimations
in the celestial lake
of Saint Ramkrishna Paramahansa's heart.*

*Vivekananda was the voice
of Oceanic vision
imparting the Secrets of infinite creation
and blissful awareness of ultimate reality
to the restless lives
sandwiched between Birth and Death.*

*He exhorted on overcoming
the pernicious self centred greed
that entrapped human consciousness,
through sacrifices and purity of
the triad - thought, word and deed.*

*With his profundity of time
he released doves of recondite secrets
in to the azure of the skyscape
from his saffron robes -*

*He was the immortal voice
proclaiming Happiness is but God
and inspired the Mankind
to be free from fear
and to identify each with the other
in ecstatic universal Brotherhood.*

*His candid social consciousness defined
the real "Spiritualist"
as one who will strive ceaselessly
for the true wellbeing of the weak and the deprived
And "Sinner" as one who neglects
the hapless and the pennyless.*

Aurobindo's Ascending Foot-prints

Shri Aurobindo's

Life Divine

*in its dialogue with death
vindicates the mighty right of man
to transcend the frontiers of mind.*

*His Savitrian spirit inspires me
into a levitate adventure
of my liberated intelligence,
drowns my suffocating senses
in the infinite eternal cosmic sense,
a power beyond myself.*

*I love his love for man
revolving, evolving Heavenwards
thinking, seeing, searching inwards
transforming, transcending . . . :*

*In reverance I touch his pen
that moves on into the mystic realms
undaunted
by the earthly weight and weariness
of the hand that held it.
I follow the lighted line
of Emersonian intuition
along which words of truth flowed
from his probing pen
on to the darkened sheet of Reality.
Interpreting the hieroglyphic script
of the twinkling stars.*

*Future unfolded
before his dreaming,
voyaging eyes
as a red carpet roll
spread out for welcoming VVIP.
God smiled on his humane face
discerning the destiny
that left man's homeland
in myopic mist.
Ends of swaying hair
on his soaring head
peep through the microscopic holes
opening into infinite unknown universes.*

*As I gaze at the sky
with my jet rocketing gaze
I espy the ascending footprints
of Shri Aurobindo's intuitive thoughts
on the shoreless sands of silence
reminding man
of his identity with infinity
of his unity with divinity.*

Yunus Emre

*Seven hundred and fifty years ago
mighty munificent Time
endowed the Earth with Supreme flower
of love essence
its botanical name
Unity of Existence ;
poetic name, Yunus Emre!
Who is man?
a question darted from every mind.
Man is God
the answer Emre found.
Yes, God has no form, no name.
He animates the human frame
He appears, disappears,
hides and seeks in the game of life.*

*"I am not here on earth for strife
Love is the mission of my life ;
For me duality must end
God and I must not live apart"
Sang the Yunus Nightingale
in 'Love's Garden'
his voice resonant with the sublime echoes
of ancient Vedic Vision.*

*From Turkiye he stretched out his arms
through the East and the West
embraced the goodly Earth in beatific bliss;
His rustic feet tested the ground ;
his mystic head tapped the heavens
in a crescendo and decrescendo
of ecstatic melodies.
"Better live the god life here on earth
If faith and religion are what you need ;
your work will not end there tomorrow*

*unless it is finished here today".
The twin worlds uttered the sole whole Truth
through the Prophetic voice
of a perspicacious soul.*

*Yunus, Yunus, Yunus Emre!
Time spotted
the time-less God
moving in the guise
of a mortal man.
Yunus preferred wisdom to wheat.
He blended the enigmatic
facets of life
Birth-death, Myth-reality
Love-Morality
divine-human
all into a body-soul harmony.*

*He dissolved the World'ss burden of ignorance
in the shower of pristine love-light ;
He tamed the hissing hate-serpent hoods,
straightened the crooked forest firewoods.*

*Mind and Matter merged in his cadence;
past and future embraced
in his presence ;
Men may die but mankind lives
eras may pass but Emre survives.*

*Today, in Istanbul silhouetted
against flaming hues of history
Shining gateway to the East
all Nations United
chant in rapturous poetic tune
in the Aegean Mediterranean breeze
the panegyric
of Yunus Emre's power and glory.*

Home - Away from Home

*Life is a long journey
combining all journeys designed
for pleasure or knowledge, for war or peace ;
experience, the ideal of all journeys,
is the life blood of existence.*

*Let me share with you my experience
of an encounter with life
across the narrow national frontiers
questing latent truth in apparent reality.
In Athens I start at dawn
at my native home I conclude,
this song of a sailing could
in the ocean of an unfolding sky.*

Aurora at Athens

*Across Greece, the land of
Socrates, Plato, Aristotle
and over Athens, the seat of learning
on the Mediterranean coast
our DC-8 flew like a butterfly
passionate to kiss the cloud lilies,
like a dove flitting
from a bower of sprouting rays.
Mother earth,
waking up behind the serene cordillera
washed her face
in the sparkling waves of blue sea
sitting on a mountain throne
looked into the mirror of an oriental sky
and placed the vermillion red on her forehead -
Ah, it was sunrise with beauty beyond words.
I opened the camera of my kindled heart
and pressed the switch of latent thoughts.
Interrupting my photography
of this incredible scene the aircraft veered to the north.*

Flowerfilled Holland

*The giant aircraft perched on the ground
and the delicate birds of my thoughts
fluttered into the sky -
was it heaven or earth, my eyes wondered.
Snow was falling like a shower of lily petals -
maybe the choicest pearls dropping
from the cloud oysters ;
"snow fall, snow fall, the music of winter"
I burst into a song,
watched the cream crawling on water pools,
silver growing on every tree
the heavens blessing with jasmines,
the loving pairs who sauntered arm in arm
along the streets of the Hague,
I reached my nest in the Institute of Social Studies.
boiling inside but cold outside
imagining a beloved at my bedside, I reposed-
reposed only to see truths stranger than dreams :
I felt like a poetic prince
in that romantic land of kings and queens.*

*Girls, girls gay and gorgeous
shooting about like floral arrows
tick tick tick
they walked with a symphonic gait
between the pulling and pushing youth
their poor waists were caught
between their azure ogles and rosy smiles
a hungry bird, my heart was trapped
with eddying head my being oscillated
between two unknown shores.*

*The winter took to heels
unable to withstand the onslaught*

*of the flowery smiles of creepery girls
and the floral arrows of naughty cupid.
Spring appeared with pride of victory
freeing the flowers and fragrances
that took refuge
from the mericiless attacks of cold winds
under the soft folds of earth and
let loose teasing flowers on an innocent world
as if the piquant girls were not enough.*

*Brindavan, Nandan
maybe there or not
but there is Keukenhof in Holland
a breathtaking ocean of ravishing flowers.
Flowers pass through childhood and youth
but not old age :
they experience bliss and beauty
but not suffering.
The flowery maids miss the fortune of flowers.
A bud smiles and blooms into a flower;
the flower laughing merrily
in the raptures of love
dissolves into eternal bliss.
See Holland to see flowers
flowers and girls excelling one another.
The dykes, windmills, polders
meadows, cows, cheese
tulips, philips, ports, beaches;
friendly people, fairy girls
Scheveningen, a seaside heaven
the frisian lakes, a tjalk race ground
the hoge veluwe an abode of nature,
invite you to magic land.*

*Caught in a net of canals
Amsterdam, the heart of the Netherlands,*

*presents a perplexing picture
of the past and the present;
it is the home of Rembrandt and Rijksmuseum -
a city of sleepless nights
and ceaseless pleasures.*

Scandinavian Mermaids

*He who's not delighted in Scandinavia
Must have no heart in his bosom
He who has not attempted a poem there
can never hope to be a poet anywhere.
Copenhagen, Oslo, Stockholm
are lotuses in the Arctic lake
with a thousand fragrant petals
of centuries' old culture and history
blossoming in vernal freedom and liberty.
smiling faces of men and women
cloud kissing castles and mansions
green prairies and buxom kine
busy streets and shops abounding
are but the emeralds
in a golden crown of queen progress;
exquisite symbols on the flag of prosperity.*

*How to describe the blithesome holiday crowd
bathed in glee and tumbling away
in the scintillating skiing feats
on the glossy argent bed of solid snow
across the deep valleys
and slopes of Varingskollen
in Norway, the cradle of skiing.
Could I venture to versify extempore
the boundless beauty of the countless stars?
Enough one Viegland sculpture park in Oslo
Enough one bewitching piece of sculpture therein
to inspire a unique poem of eternal theme.*

Midnight

blissful midnight

*when the two hands of the clock are united
into one in nocturnal embrace,*

*a mini dialogue between me and a solitary girl
brooding in the lap of silent deep night*

on a canal bank in Copenhagen

could form the literary theme

of human feelings unprecedented

if only there are friends daring enough

to appreciate the fiction of reality.

She came to swim

on the tumbling Baltic waves

in privacy on a summer dy

undressed herself

and left her robes on the bank

a whirlwind suddenly blew them into a statue,

the nude mermaid, seated on a sable rock

with downcast looks of shy blue eyes

on the precincts of Copenhagen.

It is also rumoured

she was a bathing beauty forsaken by the prince

she had rescued from drowning in the sea,

lost in melancholic thought,

she froze into stone.

For fables and reveries

for incredible reality

an immutable symbol.

She bows here head under the weight of coyness

as countless tourists

stare at her in admiration

an ever green memory, the enchanting Mermaid.

London The Lamp

*On a Christmas day I saw London
the city of mighty mansions
challenging the lofty mountains,
the streets, the buildings, the walls around
all reminded me of myriad events and episodes.
Standing at the awful Trafalgar Square
looking high at Nelson's column
I ruminated on history.
Rambling in the precincts of Westminster Abbey
sauntering along the banks of Thames.
I wondered
the sun that never set had ceased to rise.
Laughing with me meaningfully
the plaintive Thames drifted on towards the sea.*

*At Buckingham palace
I felt some lingering smell of the past
I heard the roar of a lion
that had fallen into a ditch.
Recalling many an epigram
on ups and downs in life
gleaning some bright stars
from variegated history
I heaved a sigh of succour.
From the peak of the tallest postal tower
I discerned shadows
cast over the vast London city -
a lustrous spring stung by a ruthless winter.*

British Museum

*the lake that holds the fallen lotuses ;
essence extracted from long history
it was the western mount
on which Marx wrote the dirge of mighty empires.*

*built with the sweat of toiling masses.
It wards the immortal works of art
brought from continents apart
relics of ruined civilizations
that knew no national frontiers,
the aroma of evolution permeating trackless time,
the books of knowledge
enshrining the wisdom of great souls.
it is a modern mayasabha of mysterious treasures
a destiny's institution of learning
where modern Duryodhanas could learn a lesson.*

*Lo the Soho streets of sex and sensual pleasures
the night clubs sizzling with fun and frolic
The impudent dancers and strip-tease girls
whom you crave to see but once seen
not to be seen till again you see.*

*Like the skin of a banana
or loose layers of an onion
the audacious girls
take off their robes in a flash
and dance naked like fluttering flames
Seductively shaking buttocks and breasts.
"The elephant is an illusion
its escapade an illusion
our witnessing it an illusion"-
No harm if we return home
taking the path of Maya philosophy
the doubts and debate whether all that is good
do not arise.*

*Shakespeare, Shelley, Keats
Wordsworth, Goldsmith, Byron
Johnson, Bernard Shaw and the like*

*rivers of literary creation
oceans of philosophic wisdom
transformed the British Island
into an eternal lamp in the mansion of history.*

Paris the Peacock

*Mention of Paris makes one's being water
why not visit it having come so near,
ardently said my curious heart.*

*Maybe your youth echoes the same today.
An infatuating perfume of superb art
and frolic architecture charge Paris air ;
something captivating
invites you at every step.*

*From the pinnacle
of the incomparable Eiffel Tower
Paris appeared to me
like a grand peacock dancing with joy
spreading feathers of past glories -
a wreath of lotuses plucked from a lake
of rose water and tears
like a multifoliate rose and myrtle.*

*To quench the blood thirst of Napoleon
troops marched to battle fields with grisly arms
through the monumental Arc de Triomphe
and the broad boulevard Champs Elysees.
Retreating from these tumultuous reminiscences
of the French Revolution and perilous wars
I feasted
on the enchanting beauty of irresistible Paris,
witnessing fashions incredible triumphs.*

*I took a glimpse of Paris by night
of the clubs, concerts, cabarets, theatres
that turn the night into day
and toasted champagne and cognac,*

*the pride of France, for peace of mankind.
Neve will die the poet
who could capture in words
Louvre, the perpetual garden of artistic genius.
where blooms Mona Lisa the world heartwinner -
Paris is a boon
which God granted to the people of heart.*

*Pity those callow singles
often disappointed in their carnal pursuits
roaming restive in the Pigalle street of pastime.
With chimerical appearances
bewitching smile and tempting bottles
the whores and Jezebels spread nets of dubious joy -
true, they are not real yet not mere illusion.*

*High heel shoes high buttocks
high bosoms high hair-dos
as you are engaged
by the feats of these heights
the ingenious cupid lifts his flower-bow high,
the earthly Venuses steal your heart
they love money and not the man
strange are the values of goods
in the pleasure market ;
a gullible customer brings home nothing
but his etiolated face and empty purse.*

Waterloo in Tears

*In the midst of the gaiety of New Year's day
I landed in Brussels.
It is worth going to Belgium
if only to see Waterloo.
Is it not worth digging a mountain
to lay hold of a Kohinoor, priceless diamond?
If asked of the event of 1815*

even a duffer would reply "Battle of Waterloo".
It reminds mankind
of morbid politics, social upheavals
and wars fought for founding empires.
Waterloo is a grim successor
of epic battles of Ramayana and Mahabharata.
A master painter caught that ghastly battle
on an incredible canvas panorama
guarded by the Lion of Waterloo
it is a painting in blood and flesh ;
worth being born again
to see if missed in this life.
Lo an Arabian horse has fallen here;
look a thousand warriors are blown up there;
hear the tumult of wicked laughter :
why so much venom and spite
burning landscape, choking sky
swords, spears, cannons and guns
dreadful accoutrements
and poisonous pandemonium
flames of prowess in Wellington's eyes
mighty Marshal Blucher in rage ?
Behold the brave moves of ferocious soldiers
who cut through enemy meanders
all glory to the painter who dipped
his brush in blood and tears.

Incredible Germany

Germany, once a guillotine for righteousness -
the country which had bid to swallow the globe,
cracked into two pieces ;

Germany reminds us naturally
of Hitler and his horde of marauders.
Ravana imprisoned Seetha in Ceylon,
Hitler enchained Justice in Germany -

*neither Seetha lost her modesty
nor justice its life.
I slung this innuendo entering Germany
in the company of my friend Meera Khan
but it was the epitome of eternal truth.
Yet a German is synonymous with toil.
It is a land of Einsteins and Max Mullers
of known and unknown scientists and philosophers
who took the clue
from Vedic humns for heavy machines
who employed mystic means
to enrich experimental science,
and drew out material knowledge from
the abyss of metaphysical disputation
and heralded the world of atoms
and the space age travel.*

*Is not Germany the epical sea which
when churned yielded nectar along with poison?
Fields of bumper crops
milch cattle in plenty
villages unvisited by poverty
towns with ever-growing prosperity
unveil flourishing Germany
in the vigilant care of a loving Rhine
and the merciful valleys
which cleave to the picturesque hills.
She is a lovely golden maiden'humming
with life and lustre
bidding farewell to its 'dreadful past
turning her back on the path of peril
she ascends the heights of construction
in the rocket of progress
bearing the emblem of new awakening.
Her markets flood with valuable goods,*

*her rich exports belittle poor imports ;
she proclaims to the world
"a sweating people shall never lose
a patriotic nation shall never be wanting!"
Bonn, Koln, Berlin, Frankfurt, Hamburg
five great cities reflect her vigorous life
and constitute the hub of production and prestige.
The soaring towers of Koln Church
mirror the spiritual heights ;
the roaring factories of the renowned Ruhr
demonstrate man's genius and might ;
varied hues and shades
mark the bewildering chapters of German life.*

Czechoslovakia of Sweat and Sweetness

*With plentiful food, drink.
unsophisticated beauty and nature's bounty
Czechoslovakia is a haven for the poor.
Socialism with freedom and fraternity
flows through the land
smiling in the lap of the river Danube
held in the affectionate arms
of the Carpathian Sudeten mountain ranges.*

*Sporting in the playgrounds
of Subterranean caverns and mineral springs
of the High and Low Tatras.*

*On a collective farm, green and prosperous
the comrade farmers, robust and friendly
entertained us
with pilsner beer and Kosher Slivovitz
mingled with a deep love for man.
Drunk with their unalloyed hospitality
dancing in mirth through a spring time
of inexplicable experiences*

*I walked over a bridge of moonlight
between the known and unknown worlds.*

Switzerland, the Darling of Mankind

*Alps, cradle of the Rhine,
lakes, with their swimming pools of streams -
Geneva, a symbol of freedom -
beauties that nature set for its play -
invite aesthetes to Switzerland.
No lock and key, no watch and ward
a red carpet for every one
a captivating smile for every visitor ;
abundant recreation and fearless relaxation.
Switzerland is the darling of mankind.
She keeps secrets and keeps to her word
through troubles and turmoils
she ferrys the good and bad ;
diverse cultures co-exist
in happiness and harmony
in that time honoured land of globalism
where time is tamed in watchful watches.*

Rome, the Playground of Time

*Across the spotless Monte Blanc
a cold witness to the staggering events
I glided over the grandeur that was Rome,
grim battles and great empires
vanished into
the whirlpools of its Mediterranean.
A thousand spring times succumbed to destiny
in that eternal city of Rome.
Reminiscences of splendid past
drive one into trance
each glistening line of alabaster sculpture
recites a poem on a moving theme.
Collosseum, Arch of Constantine,*

*Castle of Saint Angel, Mausoleum
are the collapsing pillars
in the pantheon of Time
cursed by the reverberating screams
of the victims of the gladiators
offered as feast to the beasts.*

*Service to humanity
and devotion to the Almighty
raise their hands to celestial heights
and lead a litany of psalms
in the towers of St. Peter's cathedral
which echo with Biblical songs.
A rare multitude of mighty manmade mansions,
Citadel of the catholic faith
the holy crown of Pope Paul -
The Vatican city -
appeared like the corolla of Rome.
as each sphere to astronauts in space
distant history, to tourist in Rome
seems like an abandoned ball lying
in a corner of the playground of time.*

Ancient Athens to Native Home

*Entangled in colossal wars of vanity and power
the fantastic cities of Rome and Athens
drenched the pages of ancient history
in human blood.*

*Twenty three centuries have melted away
since Alexander invaded India.
Buddha, Confucius and Socrates
witnessed his imperious adventures
form the background of two centuries
yet at I moved*

*on the escalator of Greek civilization
from the Parthenon
on the Acropolis of the Periclean age
Homer, Valmiki - Buddha, Socrates
Alexander, Porus - Chanakya, Aristotle
awoke in me like eternal torches
and made me sing
the praises of Athens like Pindar.*

*Florid paintings, living sculpture
sublime architecture,
profound creative thought
marble seeped in history and romance
greeted me with rhapsody of rapture.*

*Sunshine, like moonlight,
washed the summer beaches of the Mediterranean
in the breathtaking surroundings of Athens ;
the beauties in bathing suits
swang on the gleaming blue waves in glee
and shot me into a jet of imagination.
I flew on across the ocean of night
and landed in Delhi and realised it was dawn.
Coming from the dream into hard reality
I made a bee-line for my distant rural home
where my life partner drooped on a bed of thorns
and fell into her arms under the cloak of dusk
bathed clean in her joyful tears.*

Call of Mexico

Mexico

*is not a mere chunk of land
but a Terrestrial lab, where
Time experimented with
rise and decline of
intriguing human civilizations
with a sense of history and evolution -
Olemec, Teotihuacan, Toltecs, Maya
Tenochtitlan, Aztech
civilizations and influences
punctuated the millenniums of Mexican annals.*

*Guarded on three sides by
the winkless waves of vigilant Ocean
shielded in the north by impregnable jungles
Mexico emerged as a bastion
of ancient indigenous culture,
exuding vivacity and perspicacity
of modern scientific society.*

*Big city sophistication
small town intimacy
greet as you meet the genial Mexicans
passionately proud of their colourful country.*

*Sprawling sun - drenched beaches
Sizzling snowcapped volcanoes
winning vestiges of colonial heritage
picturesque paradoxes of piquant geography
Amazing treasures of monumental archeology
skilful crafts of Indian villages,
adorn Mexico with infinite variety.*

*Mesmerising mountain resorts
Imposing cooper conyons
Casacading water falls,
Salubrious Son, Sand and Surf
Ferocious bull fights
Fascinating rhythms of steps and sound
invoke thrilling surprises
in that land
of unravelled mysteries
and time inspired traditions
reminiscent of my Indian ethos.*

*I encountered an awakening giant
anxious to play its legitimate role
in the unfolding global drama
at the mighty Mexico city,
and sprightly Monterrey.*

*The pyramids of Teotithucan
dedicated to the Sun and Moon
whispered to me the intimations
of the entombed mysteries connecting
Earth and Ether
as I marched past
the mile-long Avenue of the Dead.*

*Monterrey, Mexico's industrial capital,
enchanted me with its scintillating life style
and soaring Cerrodelasilla peaks
of Sierra Madre Mountains.*

*I revelled in the sacred memories
of the people's Poet Laureat
ALFANSO REYES in August, 1993,
in the Congress of World Poets.
Adorned by Temples of Secular learning
and embelished with sapphires of inspiring cathedrals
glorified with parks, palaces theatres and museums*

*Monterrey permeates soul stirring aroma
of eclectic culture.
Famed Rufino Tomayo's sculpture
pays "Homage to the Sun"
at its stretching Grand Plaza ;
The "Fountain of life - Neptune Fountain"
an Aquatic marvel sprays repose
on the fatigued toiling masses.*

*Acapulco invites me now
to share its pacific oceanic experience
of the greatest and the best
created by the God and Man
on this blessed planet.*

*Dressed in the breathtaking majesty
of towering mountains
and maddening expanse
of soft gold sand beaches
Acapulco
Summons my poetic sensibility to explore
the grandeur that even the Gods would envy.
The billowing Bay, sporting with
amazing assortments of fishing boats
Exquisite cuisines,
waving rainbows of culinary specialities.*

*The daring days and dreamful nights
convoke me to visit the haven
of the Hispanic culture ;
the voice of the "Master Otavio Paz"
rings in my ears,
my excited, enlightened consciousness
responds to the call of
Dr. Ernesto Zedillo Ponce De Leon
and Dr. Manuel Leyva Martinez.*

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